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For the REVIEW.

FAMELESS HEROES.

BY MARY A. M'IVER.

A song for the noble dead
Who left behind no name,
Who toiled and bravely bled,
Their worth unknown to Fame!

For the soldier laid to rest
In earth his blood had bought,
By those who loved him best
His nameless grave unsought.

For the sailor gone to sleep
In Ocean's sparry caves,
Where wild winds o'er him sweep
And sea-weed sadly waves.

For the exile forced to leave
His home, his native streams,
For the lone ones left to grieve
Who saw him but in dreams.

For all those, whate'er their land,
Whate'er their creed or tongue,
Shall rise an anthem grand
By a million voices sung!

OTTAWA, Nov., 1867.

CANADIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

The following stanzas are from the pen of FENINGS TAYLOR, Esq., Clerk of the Upper House, and a gentleman well-known as one of our most finished Canadian writers.

God bless the dear old country, may He defend
her cause,
May, virtue guide her rulers, may wisdom make
her laws

God bless our gracious Sovereign, and the Princes
of her line,
God bless her loving subjects of every race and
clime.

God bless our new-born Nation, stern Empress of
the North;

Pure offspring of high counsel, fair child of patri-
ot worth;

The dear old flag is our flag, to bear through fame
or loss—

Britannia's flag of freedom! the glorious triple
cross!

God speed the New Dominion, thus prays each
patriot soul;

Its flanks are mighty oceans, its base the North-
ern Pole;

Oh! right noble is the royalty for noble men to
sway,

Then banish fears and crown with cheers, our
first Dominion day,

—

An Irishman, just from the sod, was eating
some old cheese, when he found to his dismay
that it contained inhabitants. "Bejabbers,"
said he, "does your cheese in this country
have childer?"

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

No. XIV.—L'ENVOY.

There is a pleasing satisfaction always attending the completion of any work which has cost more than ordinary care and labor; a sense of having done something, (that for the time that has been given you, you have something to show,) although it may be but little, is proof that one has not wasted all his hours in idleness. But this pleasing sense of completed labors unfortunately is not mine, for I am most reluctantly compelled to discontinue these stories for some time to come, but I hope on some future day to return to these topics, as they have a charm only equalled by poetry for which, as Bulwer Lytton said, "I have all the lingering fondness of a first love."

In Canadian History is to be found all that the most devoted lover of romance could desire, and the wildest story constructed for sensation will find as strange and wonderful parallels in the traditional tales of our young and beautiful country. The firmest courage, the highest heroism, and the most exalted patriotism, have been displayed in the lives of the early settlers of Canada, not only in combating the natural difficulties of climate and forest, but in defending the homes they had created from the destroying hand of the invader and the savage.

I feel that it is unfortunate that I should have to discontinue these stories at that particular era in Canadian History which is undoubtedly the most heroic in our annals. The war which began in defeat and disaster for British arms in all parts of the world, but more especially on this continent, was brought to a glorious and triumphant close upon the heights of Abraham, by the gallant Wolfe. From this same war may be dated the rise of the new nationality in the American colonies of Great Britain, for it was from beholding the incapacity, selfishness and blundering of English commanders that the Colonists formed an idea of their own power, and when unjust taxation gave a pre-

text they did not fear to meet the demands of the Home Government by open and armed hostility. But greater and more unexpected results were to follow than even the most devoted lover of liberty had dared to dream of; and many a "red field of battle" in Europe, Asia and Africa was to write with blood on the bosom of the earth that awful lesson which has been written so often, and so often forgotten.

The History of a people is written on the land they inhabit; the traveller to whom the sight of many lands is familiar, easily learns the story of a country by passing through it. Every step he takes is illustrated in a manner too striking to avoid observation. Canada more than any nation, except perhaps the United States, shows her history to those who pass along her great rivers, loiter in her hybrid cities, or wander through the byways of her forests. Little is there in the wild grandeur of our country to attract those who seek a life of luxury and idleness; there is on the contrary a strong demand for active exertion from the nature of the climate and the necessities of life, for here all must labor. This it is which has made our people to-day the firm, hardy and independent race we behold battling with the giants of Forest and Stream, and making a paradise out of a howling wilderness.

The loyalty and patriotism inherent in the breast of every Canadian offer the best guarantee for the prosperity and liberty of the country; and it only needs proper direction to their impulses to place on the most lasting foundation the young and glorious Empire of the North. In turning for a while from this path, where I have gained so much that was instructive and from which I have gathered so many pleasing memories, I would ask those who have so far patiently listened to me, to forgive my many faults and omissions, and, if I have not performed the task as well as it should have been performed, the fault of the execution lies in the hand not the heart. That which is a labor of love, has its reward in fruition. Having intruded thus far I will retire, but not without the hope of resuming at some future day the pleasing labor.